The Memory of the Just.

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MEMORIAL DISCOURSE,

PREACHED DECEMBER 6th, 1857,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MRS. ABIGAIL HOPKINS.

BY M. L. P. THOMPSON, D. D.

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BUFFALO, N. Y.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

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THEODORE BUTLER, 159 MAIN STREET
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THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

PROV. VI. 7.—THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

THE true import of these words, both as it respects the persons spoken of, and what is said of them, may be readily ascertained by noticing the contrasted idea in the words of the succeeding clause—"*but the name of the wicked shall rot.*"

The just are the righteous, the godly, the good, who in their lifetime have humbly and faithfully striven according to their means, and the light afforded them, to serve God and their generation. They are the opposites of *the wicked.* The word *just*, as a term descriptive of human character, suggests the idea of a life governed and squared by the rules contained in the holy scriptures. In its evangelical sense, it expresses more particularly the *state* of those who by repentance for sin, and by faith bearing fruit unto obedience, have found favor with God and been accepted of Him through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Yet in all cases it describes character, and the image before our minds, when just persons are spoken of in the Bible, is that of persons walking in the fear of the Lord, and doing that which is right before Him, both in their relations to *Him* and to their fellow creatures.

"The memory of the just is blessed." They are remembered with reverent affection after they are dead. The grave does not hide them from the tender recollection of survivors, but the love of the living follows them, and they sweetly sleep in beds softened and hallowed by the tears and grateful applauses of those whom they have left behind them on the earth.

Two ideas are especially prominent in the text.

The first is, that the memory of the just shall *endure.* The Psalmist says—"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance," and though this may probably be understood as referring in part to the faithfulness of the memory of God, who will never permit the name of one that has loved and served him in this world to perish out of his book, but who will stead-

fastly watch and guard his very dust reposing in the grave, and raise him up by his power at the last day, and crown him with eternal glory in his kingdom, yet it expresses also a truth in regard to the actual endurance of the names of the righteous in the memories of men. There is no real immortality on earth, except that which results from goodness. Sooner or later, the names of the wicked do rot. Though in cases of very eminent distinction, by the records of history, names may survive through many long ages which are suggestive only of crime, and corruption and violence, yet it is but a forced survivance, like that of the ghastly and loathsome skeleton in its cerements, from the sepulchres of Egypt. There is no living memory of those demi-gods of wickedness in the hearts of men —nothing that can constitute the ground of a comparison between the immortality which was earned by them and that of those who, however less conspicuous in their day, and filling narrower spheres, were yet the true and recognized benefactors of their race. They only can be said to live in the immortality of fame that have left behind them the imperishable record of deeds whereby real benefit was conferred upon their species; who, by their virtuous example, or by their works of positive beneficence, have established for themselves a claim to the honest applauses and gratitude of the world. Such men, how remote soever the period at which they lived, whatever dust of ages may have gathered over the places where their ashes were interred, have a real existence in the memory of mankind, and not one leaf has withered or fallen from the chaplets of renown with which they were crowned by their cotemporaries. Nay, on the contrary, those chaplets have grown greener and more flourishing—putting forth new leaves with even buds and flowers, as the centuries have multiplied upon them. And in our own experience with the men that have lived and died in our time, with the men whom we ourselves have assisted in settling in their perpetual habitations, who are they that *live* in our memories? Who are they that seem still to have an existence palpable and recognized amid the scenes where their bodily presence is no more? Who, in this community, of those that have been ten years removed by death are yet remembered as though it were but yesterday that they passed away?

Not the wicked. Already their names have rotted, and are mentioned no more. Already they are as though they had never been; but the memory of the just is blessed. The righteous men amongst us—the men that served God, and that served their age—the men that lived and moved amongst us as benefactors — whose lives were blameless, whose example was pure, whose feet were swift to do good, whose hands were open to the needy, whose hearts were tender and merciful to all, and the influence of whose piety is still seen and felt in our walks of life—these are the dead that live. These are the men who, though dead, yet speak, and who, though no more of us, yet seem to be with us, whom we remember, of whom we daily talk, and for whom the love that we bore them in their lifetime yet flourishes, and will flourish, so long as memory endures within our bosoms.

The second idea prominent in the text, is that the memory of the just shall be *precious*. It shall be dear to men, and they shall cherish it. Men shall delight to keep alive in their remembrance the images and the virtues of the departed just, and to talk and tell of their worthy characters and deeds. The righteous dead become even dearer in their death than they were in their lives, and the memory of them is even more tenderly and reverently cherished than were their persons before death claimed them. Death has sanctified them wholly. Death has crowned them with an unusual radiance of glory, and in memory, even those spots, which, like specks on the face of the sun, once somewhat dimmed their beauty and marred their loveliness—even those spots are gone, and nothing, absolutely nothing remains, upon which the heart of affection does not love to dwell.

"The name of the wicked shall *rot*"—shall not only perish, but be offensive. On a picture so revolting, so often realized in a depth of misery which no language can adequately describe, when the corrupting carcass of one whose living character was more an image of corruption than his flesh, is hidden in the grave, and whose memory it is only a mercy to forget, I will not dwell. But the memory of the just is blessed. It is a treasure of inestimable value, hidden in the hearts of surviving relatives and friends. It is prized above all price, and guarded

more than any costly gem. It is as the very apple of the eye, to those who keep it. Blessed indeed—thrice blessed—and itself a blessing, a positive joy, and a very mine of heart-wealth to those that cherish and preserve it.

There is an excellence and a positive beauty in the life and example of a just person which men will not let die. There is a recognized good, a real element of social wealth in the character of one who truly exemplifies the righteousness of the Gospel of Christ, that makes it a blessing, to which the hearts of men will cling, and around which, after the substance of it is taken away, they will cluster their fondest recollections, renewing in their faithful memories, that of which the real presence is now denied to them. Thus the righteous renew their lives upon the earth, and though dead, yet speak, and yet act.

It rarely happens that a fitter occasion is furnished by the occurrence of an actual event, for such reflections as these, than that which has transpired in the midst of us during the last week in the solemn ceremonies of the burial of one who for many years, with all the meekness and simplicity of a true daughter of Abraham, has exemplified in the calm retirement of her own chamber, with rare appearances beyond it, the mild and winning loveliness of that character which is only formed on earth by the effectual teaching of Christ's gospel. Since I have had the happiness particularly to know that venerable woman of whom I speak, I have regarded her as one of the fairest and loveliest specimens of what the Gospel in its renewing influence on our fallen humanity can do. Of course, during the period of my intimate acquaintance with her, her life has been a secluded one, and in the active and open walks of christian usefulness she has not appeared. Already, when I came among you, she had passed the point, at which, in ordinary cases, by reason even of strength, the life of mortals is defined. Dying now in her 91st year, she was then in her 82d; yet with all that burden of years upon her, though physically infirm, though evidently abiding in a dilapidated and shattered tenement, her mental powers, and above all, her spiritual freshness and redolency, seemed to be unimpaired, as indeed they seemed also to be, up to the very final day of her continuance. Thus, though she could not participate in the active and out-door

labors appropriate for those of her sex, she was, nevertheless, through the abounding mercy of God toward her, in circumstances perhaps more favorable for the exercise of those virtues which chiefly ennobled her to the sense and endeared her to the hearts of those that knew her.

There is something deeply affecting, if we shut our eyes to all other things, in the final dropping away of one to whom so long a life was given; and the event is fitted to impress upon us, with a new force, the sad and solemn truth, that in very fact we are all hastening to the same rest and silence of the tomb. The dying of the young, and the dying of others in the midst of life, as it were by premature visitations of the destroyer, have something in them of the appearance of chance, and of accident, and such events do not impress upon us the stern necessity of that mortal sentence which is impending over all. They are cautions to our fear, and tell us what may befall ourselves, but they are not the absolute utterances of a fixed and irreversible doom. The young that die, illustrate no universal law; neither do they who die in the ripe maturity of their strength and of their years; but the death of our venerable friend whom we have just buried, already verged on the final decade of a century, tells us of the fiat of fate over us—of our mortality as a *law*, through which no strength can break, and which by no chance or accident can be evaded. The young and the middle aged *may* die—the aged *must*. Somewhere God hath set the bounds to our going which we cannot pass—and sooner or later, here or there, or yonder, the day of death must come.

All through the months of the summer, even in the early spring, while the foliage of the trees was yet green and tender, you saw the leaves falling; one here and another there, dropping from the stems on which they grew. They fell faster as the season passed along, until finally, when the early frosts came, there began to be showers of them covering the brown earth; and as the frosts deepened, the leaves rattled on the sapless branches and fell faster still, and the whole forest grew barer and barer, until at length but a single leaf was left alone upon some sheltered tree-top—the last, the very last of all the millions of its generation; and soon as you watched it, that

solitary leaf that had outhung all its fellows, by some ruder blast of the incoming winter, was dislodged and fluttered down into the general grave. There was no help for it. The winter was come, and the grave of the year demanded its destined prey. That leaf had outlasted all others, but it could not outlast the inevitable storms. The moment came at length, when even it must fall.

It is only as yesterday that here in the aisle before me, on each pleasant Sunday morning, we were accustomed to behold two men, venerable in form and lovely in their lives, just men, whose memory is blessed, each of whom had passed his 90th year. One of them was 97 years old,* and the other 93.† They also are gone. The sentence of death against them long deferred was executed at the length, and they died. And so now this dear mother in Israel, this venerable relic of a buried generation, has passed away. For nearly a hundred years the ravages of death have been going on around her. Whole ranks of men have fallen on her right hand and on her left. More than half a century ago the husband of her youth dropt from her side. Child after child forsook her—friend after friend—neighbor after neighbor—acquaintance after acquaintance, and amid all this mortality of those whom she loved and knew, she alone seemed to bear a charmed life, and lived on and on, till to us, among whom her old age flourished, there had come to be a kind of antiquity about the days in which her life was young—an antiquity of which we read in books, and about which already a certain air of fabulousness was gathering. Yet at last even she has died. As it is said of Methuselah that he "lived nine hundred and sixty and nine years, and he *died*"—so of her it is now to be said, that after all the years that she lived, she also has *died.* And so by and by it will be said of us. She has exemplified before us a positive law of our humanity. We may not die in youth, or in ripe manhood. We may not die this year, or next, or the year after the next, but we must die. The insuperable bound must be reached some day. The number of our months must be told at last, and we must die. "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Such is the sentence of God upon us all, and ere long it will be executed.

*Mr. Nathaniel Crocker. †Dr. Azel Ensworth.

As I told you at her burial, Mrs. Hopkins was born in Weathersfield, Conn., June 19, 1767, and was married, when she was 26 years of age, to Mr. Asa Hopkins, of the city of Hartford, in the same State. Mr. Hopkins, at the time of her marriage to him, was a widower with three children, all of whom were daughters, and only one of whom now survives, in very infirm health. By her marriage with Mr. Hopkins, who died twelve years after that event, in 1805, she became the mother of six children, one of whom died in infancy, and two only of whom are now living. For seven or eight years after the death of her husband, she continued to reside in Hartford, whence, after that period, she removed with her children to the native homestead at Weathersfield, and lived there, in the family of a brother, till 1818, when, with four children, among whom was *Asa T.*, the former pastor of this church, she returned again to Hartford, and continued to reside there, until, at the earnest solicitation of her son, in 1836, who at that time had been settled over you in the ministry, she came to this city, and was a member of his family until his lamented death in 1847.

There is little use, however, in detailing the mere facts of her external life. All *that* has passed away and is nothing. Nothing is important now but her *character*. Where she lived, in what circumstances she lived, what she did, whom she saw, who honored her, amid what scenes she was born and passed her days, and finally died—none of these are the things that now possess a value to our minds. The outer history is but the casket that encloses the gem—the frame within which the picture is enshrined. *Herself* is the object of our interest now. Not *who* she was, but *what* she was. Not *where* she lived, but *how*. The soul that animated her—the spirit that lived and breathed in the words she uttered, and the unrecorded and unrecordable doings of her daily life—that in her which made her dear to our hearts while living—and which makes her memory blessed, while we think of her as dead—the work of God upon her, giving her so much of the image and likeness of his Son, and investing her with so much of the serene loveliness of christian faith and grace—the perfect work of patience in all her sufferings, and the calm steadfastness of hope that sus-

tained and comforted her in the final conflict with death—realizing to our sight what one has written of such a scene—

> So fades a summer cloud away ;
> So sinks a gale when storms are o'er ;
> So gently shuts the eye of day,
> So dies a wave upon the shore—

these are the things on which fond remembrance fastens, and about which affection clings. They who knew her can now think of her but as of some sweet flower, modest and meek and unpretending—blossoming strangely on in the garden of God out of season, and exhaling a soft and grateful fragrance, even amid the latest autumnal frosts, gently gathered at last by the gardener's hand, and transferred to fairer and more genial fields, where no frosts ever fall.

Mrs. Hopkins had innumerable personal qualities, inherited, I cannot but think, from a more virtuous age than this—the age that seems of all others in this country to have been privileged to give birth to noble women and noble men—all of them baptized and sanctified from on high, upon which, if time permitted me, I might dwell at length, illustrating the blessedness of that pious and devout memory by which she still lives and will live amongst us when a thousand names have rotted. But I am sure you will hold me justified by the occasion, if to her name in this memorial discourse I add that of her sainted son, over whose new made grave, just ten years ago, you were freshly sorrowing, as you are to-day over that of his sainted mother. Let not the memory of a devoted and laborious and useful Pastor who expired in your arms, with the harness of his warfare on, perish from your hearts. Let his grave be ever green, and let no rust of years obliterate the fond inscription which your own hands placed upon his headstone—"Sacred to the memory of *our Pastor*." I have a right to speak of him, for I knew him and loved him for many years, and when he died, the same arrow that pierced your hearts pierced mine. I may add that it was only the providence of God, opposing his desire, and mine also, that thwarted a purpose which had its origin in his own breast, and was most earnestly pursued by him while it seemed possible of attainment, the consummation of which would have made me pastor of the North Church in this city, at the time of its organization, and would have united

us, in some sense, as collegiate Pastors, both of this church and that. His plan was that we should alternate our labors in the two pulpits, each of us preaching once every Sabbath in both houses, while as Pastors in other respects retaining our several distinct relations, each to his own congregation. On the subject of this plan a long correspondence passed at that time between us, but owing to other engagements by which I was then obligated, the project was abandoned.

Asa Theodore Hopkins was born at Hartford, Conn., July 5, 1805. His father, Asa Hopkins, was an eminent druggist in that city, a man of the highest respectability, and greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. His grandfather on the paternal side resided and died in Waterbury, Conn., where he attained to the highest social distinction, being a judge in one of the superior courts, and repeatedly representing his fellow citizens in the legislative council of the State. The subject of the present sketch was an infant but five or six months old at the time of his father's death, and was the youngest of the six children whom his mother bore.

During the period of his mother's residence in Weathersfield, whither she removed from Hartford when Asa was seven or eight years of age, he attended first the district school, and afterward the academy, in that town. When his mother returned to Hartford, in his thirteenth year, he accompanied her, and resumed his studies at the Hartford Grammar School, then one of the most flourishing schools in Connecticut, in which institution, being for a part of the time associated with Reuben Tinker, the lately deceased and much lamented pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Westfield, in this State, he completed his course of study preparatory for entering college. After a creditable examination, he was matriculated at Yale College in the fall of 1822, where he was graduated with honor, four years afterwards. I have been told, that in early life he occasioned much anxiety to his friends, by the wild and wayward recklessness of his natural character; that he was a boy full of ungovernable impulses, and though not vicious in any remarkable degree, was yet one, for whom, while much might be hoped, much also was to be feared. Happily, God's grace interposed to prevent the evil, and before he entered college,

while yet a student of the grammar school in Hartford, he was hopefully converted to God, and on the same day with Mr. Tinker made a public profession of religion, in Dr. Hawes' church. The work of the Spirit upon him thus begun, was greatly deepened during his collegiate course, and at the time of his graduation, his purpose was fully formed to dedicate himself to the work of the ministry. Leaving college, he removed to Ithaca, in this State, and became a member of the family of Rev. Dr. Wisner, under whose direction and guidance he prosecuted the study of Christian theology, until his licensure by the Presbytery to preach, in 1829. For a time during his residence in Ithaca, he taught a select school, and I am informed that he also edited a weekly newspaper, styled the "Ithaca Chronicle." The same year that he was licensed to preach, he was married to Elizabeth Wisner, a niece of Rev. Dr. Wisner, and the daughter of Mr. Asa Wisner, of Elmira.*

After delivering, with great acceptance, a few sermons at Ithaca and in its vicinity, he was invited to a place called Deep Cut, near St. Catharines, Canada, where, finding but a very limited field for usefulness, he remained only a short period. Longing for the scenes of his childhood, he now returned to Hartford, and preached his first sermon there in the old church which his father's family had always attended, and where, also, he himself had professed his faith in the Saviour. He preached frequently in Hartford, and in the neighboring towns. I am credibly informed, that these early efforts were listened to with the greatest interest and delight, and that the highest expectations were formed by his

* Mrs. Hopkins, according to the universal testimony of those who knew her, was possessed of singular and rare excellences of character. She was remarkable, especially, for those qualities most needful in a minister's wife,—uniform and consistent piety, large intelligence, with good practical common sense, and a happy facility in adapting herself to all varieties of persons and of circumstances. Though eminently domestic in her habits and tastes, she had, at the same time, those social aptitudes which were requisite in her station, for the widest usefulness. I have never heard her spoken of by those who knew her during the period of her husband's settlement in this city, except with the utmost affection and respect. Her failing health, in the spring of 1846, induced her husband, with the advice of physicians, to try the effect upon her system of a sea voyage, and of a change of scenes in foreign travel. They embarked for London, and spent several months in Britain and on the continent. The advantage hoped for, however, was not experienced, and Mrs. Hopkins died on the homeward passage, November 18th, a few days before reaching New York. Her remains were brought home by her husband, and were interred in the same spot where, just a year and a day after, he himself was buried by his mourning people.

numerous friends, and by all who heard him, of his future usefulness. Of the admirable spirit and talents which were already exhibited by him, you may be able to judge when I tell you that at this time, the Rev. Dr. John Chester, of Albany, pastor of the church of which Dr. Sprague is now the minister, being in feeble health and absent from his people, he was invited to fill that pulpit until the pastor should be able to resume his labors. Dr. Chester's health continued to decline, until his death; upon which event Mr. Hopkins was at once chosen with great earnestness and entire unanimity to succeed him in the pastoral office. A higher compliment could not have been paid—or rather, I should say, perhaps, a higher testimony of merit could not have been given to a young man, such as he then was. No pulpit in the country had a more elevated character than that. It was, in fact, one of the very high places of the American Church: and that a youth, just licensed to preach, should have so impressed the minds of that people, and won from them such regard, puts it quite beyond a question, that the power evinced by him must have been of the highest and most unmistakable kind. It was, perhaps, equally to his credit, that in the circumstances he declined the call—fearing to commit himself to so vast a responsibility; and more still, that he persisted in declining it, when that congregation earnestly pressed the acceptance of it upon him, with the condition voluntarily offered, that for the first year he should limit his pulpit service to a single weekly sermon.

Soon after, August 5th, 1829, he was ordained and installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, whence, after three years of faithful labor, he was dismissed at his own request. Rev. C. Blodgett, now the pastor of that church, writes:—"His ministry was successful and highly acceptable to the people, and he carried away with him their sincerest admiration." For several months he now supplied the pulpit of the Essex Street Church, Boston—Rev. Dr. Green's—during the absence of that Pastor in Europe; from which city, on Dr. Green's return, he removed to Utica, in this State, where he labored in the year 1834, in just what relation to the church there, I am not informed. Next we find him supplying the pulpit of Rev. Dr. Carroll, in the City of

Brooklyn, Dr. C. being laid aside from labor by sickness—and it was while laboring in that place, that his relations began with you. He was visited in Brooklyn by a delegation from this church, inviting him to the pastoral charge of it. The invitation was accepted by him, and he came here and began to preach, in October, 1835. In February, 1836, he was formally installed by the Presbytery; and a connexion was formed which was only to be dissolved by his death. With what fidelity and power he discharged the duties of his sacred office among you, it is not for me to say. His record is in your hearts. He did not at any time enjoy a firm constitution and vigorous health. During all the period of his settlement here, he was almost constantly more or less indisposed, and occasionally quite prostrated by disease; yet, except in very extreme cases, the vigor of his ministrations in the pulpit was never interrupted. As often as the sabbath returned, it was his strength and not his feebleness, that you witnessed in this desk. He stood here as one of the strong men of God, and both his thought and his utterance were clothed with an unusual power. It is the universal testimony of those who heard him, that in the exercise of public prayer, especially, he exhibited endowments of the most extraordinary kind; and as a preacher, I have always understood that he took rank among the best and ablest in the land. For myself, intimate as I was with him, I never had the happiness of hearing but a single sermon from his lips, and that well sustained the reputation which he had established. With the exception of a certain intricacy in the style which sometimes occasioned a degree of obscurity in the sense, and would inevitably do so to those not accustomed to listen to him, the sermon, as I remember it, was eloquent, profound and impressive; and there was an unction and an earnestness in the delivery which irresistibly commended both the preacher and his theme. Knowing as I do the high opinion entertained of him as a preacher by such men as Dr. Sprague, of Albany, and Dr. Skinner, of New York, who heard him often in their own pulpits, not to speak of testimonies that I have received a thousand times from competent judges here, I am satisfied that in this respect, the entire list of his cotemporaries could furnish but few superiors. Yet it was in no small

degree, as a *man*, merely, that he gained the very high place which he occupied in your admiration and regards. I know that he was a man to be loved. He had a high sense of honor —he was truthful, generous, warm hearted, earnest and unfaltering in his attachments, full of noble ardor in the pursuit of noble aims, with long and vigorous arms to embrace all those in whom he discovered a spirit kindred to his own. He had that strong and positive character which while it makes warm friends, seldom fails also to make for a man, in the conflicts of life, bitter enemies—and Dr. Hopkins was not exempt from the common trials of his class ; yet it may fearlessly be asserted, that no hostilities which he ever encountered, were able to fasten the slightest shadow of a stigma on his name. There is no reproach resting on his memory. The fame which survives him, is that of a good man, who in his life time served God and his generation. He died the death of the just, and his memory is blessed. None knew him and none could estimate his character like those of you who were members of this congregation while he yet lived—and I have yet to find the case in which a pastor now dead, has left himself more deeply imbedded and entrenched in the affections of his people. The real monument of his virtues is not that which your affection has reared over his ashes, in yonder field of the dead, but that which he himself erected in your hearts, while he lived and labored for your good.

The tears which fond remembrance causes to flow down upon your cheeks, while I am speaking of the departed—while I am recalling to your thoughts, both the man of God who was once your minister, and the mother that bore him, are the most expressive witnesses that could be summoned before us, that the memory of the just is blessed.

Would, my hearers, that with the wakened memory, this day, of him who so long preached to you the glorious gospel of the blessed God, there might be also an effectual waking in its still lifeless sepulchre, of that yet ungrown seed of the kingdom which he so often scattered on the hearts of some of you! Would to God that the tears which you this day shed upon the dull clods that cover it, might soften and vivify them, so that those seeds might even now spring up! How many of you

that heard the counsels and invitations of mercy at his lips, are yet unreconciled to God! and how many of you who received at his hands the memorials of the love of Jesus, and by profession began under his ministry, to live the christian life, are yet sadly barren of the heavenly fruits! Consider, I pray you, the day that is at hand, when you and that Pastor shall meet again; for it is not a final separation that has yet taken place between you and him. See him you shall, when the period of God's last reckoning is come, for he shall then appear, a swift witness, for you or against you, to the Master whom he served.

Pleasant to me would it be to dwell longer, and far more in detail, on the character of these departed saints; and especially, if time permitted, I would love to trace the connexion between the virtues of the mother and the usefulness of her son. Her influence, I know, was indelibly impressed upon his mind. Never did a son more revere a mother than he revered her. Never was a mother more sincerely and earnestly beloved. There was something really rare and beautiful in the respectful and tender regard which he ever manifested for her; and this is to be said not of him alone, but of his brothers who survive him, and on whom have devolved the last duties of earth towards her venerated person.

I could draw from her example a lesson for you, who also are mothers, that might prove, perhaps, of inestimable value to yourselves—a lesson not only in regard to the training of your sons for usefulness, but in regard, as well, to that training of them, which is no less necessary, to secure their loving and true fidelity to you, as sons, should you live to be old and dependent on their care.

One thing I cannot forbear to say of her, and I beg you to notice and remember it. *When her children were young, she governed them.* She was not one of those weakly, indulgent mothers *whose children govern them.* There was *law* in her house, the law of love, and of right reason, and she enforced obedience to it. There were penalties for law-breaking, and she had the fortitude to execute them. Her own will was law, and she maintained it, even when the wills of her children were ever so contrary and opposed. She could not be subdued

by their weeping, nor overcome by their sturdiest resistance Yet with all her firmness, she was a *mother* still, and a true mother's heart always chastened and softened, and sanctified her severity. In this lay the secret of her success, and the secret of that deep filial reverence and love which her children ever felt for her, which grew with their growth, and strengthened with their age. Oh, mothers, will you learn this lesson and practice it in your own houses? I commend it to you, for a lesson to be diligently heeded, if you would consult your own happiness hereafter.

It is an affecting thought that of the household of the former Pastor of this church, who died ten years ago, in the prime of his life, not an individual now remains. Dr. Hopkins and his entire family—his wife, his mother, his sister and his wife's sister, the last his adopted daughter, a beautiful girl just blushing into womanhood, adorned with every grace, beautiful in person, accomplished in mind and sanctified from heaven—all lie together in yonder graveyard. All died in the faith, and all are waiting in silent expectation, for the coming of their Lord. So we pass. . So all the families of earth are, in their turn, removed. May the salutary lesson be impressed on me and mine. May it be impressed, dear brethren, on you all. May we die the death of the righteous, and may our memories be blessed.

Innumerable, my dear hearers, are the motives which now urge us to live for God—to make our lives a ministry of glory to Him, and of good to his creatures; and among them all, is not this one which should have some power with our resolves, that while the name of the wicked shall rot, the memory of the just shall endure and be precious among men, even after they are dead? It is a very instinct of our nature to covet a posthumous existence in the grateful remembrance and affections of mankind. He is no man, but a monster, who is reckless of what men shall think and say of him when he is in his grave; and if you would have your graves to be green forever after you have been laid in them; if you would have men tread softly over them, and moisten the turf with their tears—if you would live on, and not be doubly dead when the earth has closed over you, then be righteous, be godly, be good. Do

not think that you can memorialize yourselves upon your tombstones. No marble lies, no cutting of truthless praises in the rock, will avail you. Your record must be not on stone, nor on brass, but in the book of God, and in the hearts of God's creatures, whom you have made to love you by your virtuous and useful lives.

No picture to me is sadder, unless I look beyond the boundaries of earth altogether, and follow the wicked to the bar of God, and to the sorrows of their eternal doom, than that of their unblest graves. To be followed to the sepulchre by the scorn and curses of those who survive me, or even by their silent indifference—to fret out a life of sin and selfishness here, and then to rot in the tomb, and have none to think of me, or care for me as I slumber there—to leave no traces of myself that shall waken living and loving memories of my life in the bosoms of living men—to die and be hated, or to die and be forgotten—to have no longer a place, or a name, or a memorial, among the generations that shall be thronging and moving over me—ah, this is to die doubly—this is to be dead indeed. God deliver me from so sad a death. Grant me grace so to live that I may live still after I am dead—that my memory be blessed—that it may endure, and be precious to those that shall survive me upon the earth. I ask this for the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord. Amen.